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Rhymes

From the Rhineland

by Alice Howland Goodwin



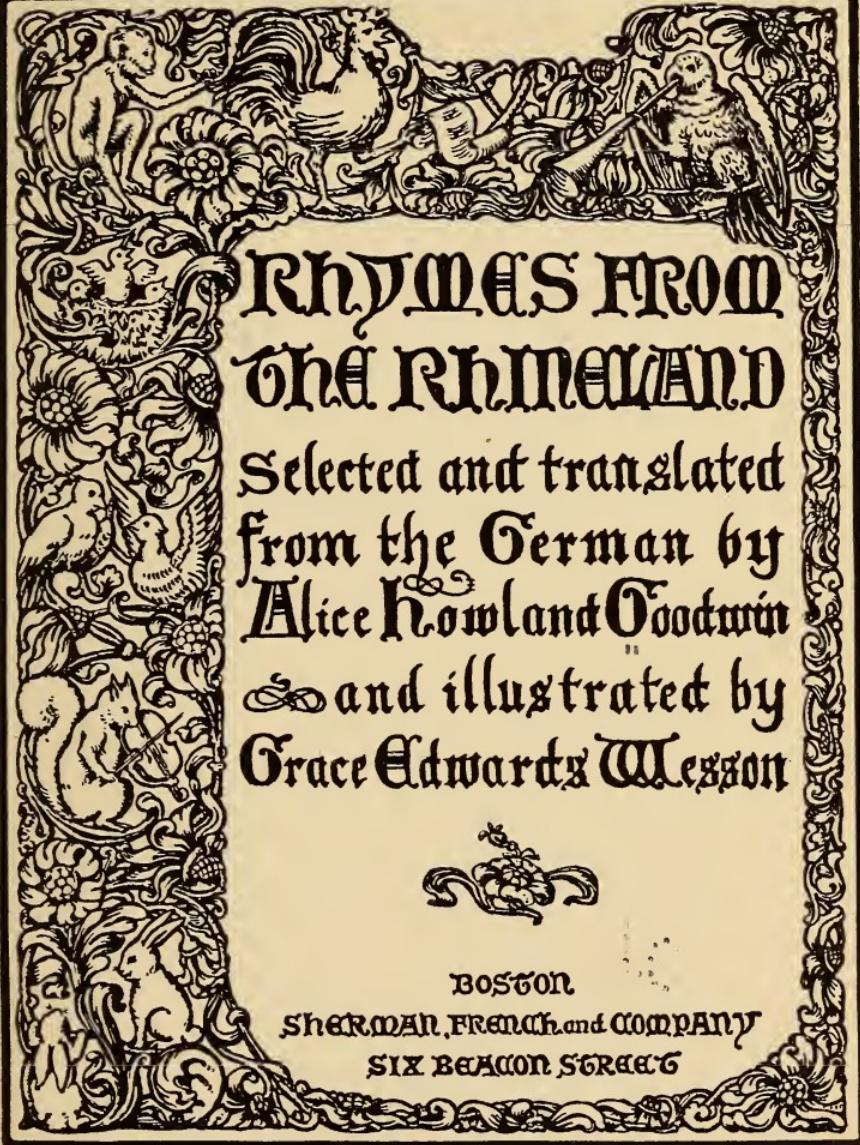


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RHYMES FROM THE RHEINLAND

Selected and translated
from the German by
Alice Howland Goodwin
and illustrated by
Grace Edwards Messon



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No. 1



GREETING:

As many bright stars as are in the sky
As many white lambs as in green fields lie
As many rare pearls as are in the sea
So many love greetings bring I to thee.

It has been the work of years to search out these little stories and parables in rhyme by the old classic German writers. In translating, the aim has been to follow as closely as possible the meter and the meaning of the originals.



IN AN ENCHANTED LAND

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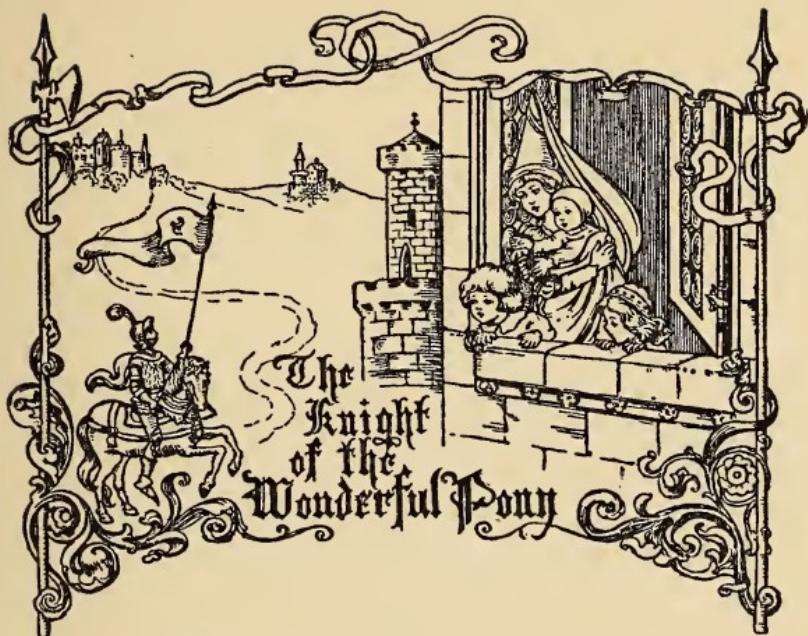
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The Knight of the Wonderful Pony

A FAIR, gallant knight, on a wonderful pony
Came riding, one day, to the Castle Alone;
“Is the lord of the castle at home?” cried he,
“Has he any good children to show to me?”

Then the countess that stranger knight espied,
And she called to him from the casement wide:
“You are welcome, good knight, as the sunny
day,
But my husband is traveling far away.

“There is no one at home but our children
small,
The men and the maids, and the steeds in the
stall.”

Said the knight of the wonderful pony
To the lady of Castle Aloneyn:

“Are the children good? Over rock and dune
They shall ride with me to the golden moon.”
Then the mother turned her fair head away,
As sadly she said, “They do not obey.”

Loud shouted the knight, as he galloped away:
“No trip to the moon for bad children to-day.”
And away, far away on his pony
Rode the knight from the Castle Aloneyn.





A GRAY wrinkled old dame
Had a white dove so tame.
She brought morning and night
To her dear heart's delight
Shining kernels of corn
In a bright, golden horn.
Said the white dove one day
To the old dame so gray,
“In a day and a year,
You shall be my wife, dear.
You must know, my own love,
I am not a white dove,
But a king's son most bold,
With a crown of bright gold.
You shall be young and fair,
You shall have golden hair,
But for me you must make,
Ere my crown I can take,

Little knitted grass hose
To keep warm my small toes,
And a snug winter coat
Buttoned up to the throat.”

Then a swift running hare
Brought of grass a good share,
And an old, snow-white goat
Gave his locks for the coat.
The dame measured her dear,
And she toiled for a year
The small suit to prepare
For her darling to wear.
When he put on his hose,
Small became her large nose.
She grew rosy and fair,
Soft and golden her hair.
The dove turned to a king
With a new wedding ring,
And a wedding so gay,
Was ne'er heard of, they say.

O. LEITENBERGER.



THE PRANKS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

NEAR wild mountain fastness and dark gloomy wood

Of the Breitenberg land, a farmer once stood.
“Come in,” cried his wife, “do not longer delay,

Sad luck if we’re late to the wedding to-day.”
An elf in the mountains who heard the wife’s call,

Cried, “Come to the wedding, ye gay Brownies all!”

And swift, tiny messengers hurried about,
“A wedding, a wedding!” cried each fairy scout.

A plowman was near who said, “Brownies, I pray,

Please take me with you to the wedding to-day.”

“Yes, come with a mist-cap, unseen as are we,
With us eat and drink, and with us merry be,
But dare not to take the least morsel away—
Yes, come with our troop, but be sure you obey.”

Then on they all went with most hearty goodwill

To the castle so gray, on the top of the hill.
Close crowded with guests was the great banquet hall,

And between every guest sat a weird brownie
 small

Who cleared every plate, and drained every
 cup—

As much as a mortal a Brownie could sup.
When slyly the man hid a treat for his wife,
Quick vanished the mist-caps, the joy turned
 to strife.

The guests saw the Brownies, a tumult arose
When the plowman they saw in begrimed,
 tattered clothes.

Away whisked the Brownies, as quick as a
 wink—

How the plowman departed you never can
 think.

BECHSTEIN (1801-1860).

THE WALKING BELL

THERE was a boy who would not go
To church, as he was bidden;
Who when the Sunday bell tolled slow,
Oft in the fields lay hidden.

His mother said, "The church bell rings
This bright and pleasant morning;
To church each naughty boy it brings,
Who will not heed its warning."

Then thought the boy, "The bell so high
In the old tower is swinging,
To the green fields I'll quickly fly—
What care I for its dinging?"

The solemn church bell ceased to ring,
When wagging, shaking, striding,
It shambled o'er the fields to bring
The boy in terror hiding.

He shrieked and ran with frantic yell
From goblin so unsightly.
Still onward came the dreadful bell,
Popped down and held him tightly.

It dragged him over hill and plain,
Nor cared for his beseeching,
But brought him to the church again
To listen to the preaching.

He thought upon that awful day,
And heeded well the warning,
And never since has been to play
Upon a Sunday morning.

GOETHE (1749-1832).



THE STORY OF THE BEAN

A BEAN, a straw, and a live coal
Once met at a cottage door.
The bean said, "My brothers are scalding,
I only escaped to the floor.

"We grew in a lovely garden,
In a soft and pretty green nest;
The dame pulled us down from the trellis,
My brothers and all the rest.

"From our silken pods she tore us,
And kindled a fire so hot—
My brothers, and sisters, and cousins,
Are all in that dreadful pot."

The coal said, "I sprang from the embers."
The straw said, "I flew from their glow.
Let us go round the world together,
Far away from our hateful foe."

So onward they journeyed together,
Till they came to the water's side,
"There is not any bridge nor ferry—
We cannot cross it," they cried.

The straw said, "I'll rest on the water,
I will be a bridge in the tide,
And you must go hastily over
To the land on the other side."

The live coal went trippingly over,
But the water sang a sweet song,
And the red coal stood still to listen;
It listened, alas! too long.

The straw bridge was burned to fragments,
The coal was alive no more,
But hissed and fell into the water,
And the bean stood alone on the shore.

The bad, naughty bean stood laughing
At their fate, with its might and main;
It laughed, and it laughed so rudely
That at last it was split in twain.

Near by a kind tailor sat sewing,
Who cared for the bean in its pain.
He picked up the broken pieces
And sewed them together again.

In the pleasant home of the tailor
Dwelt the bean through the winter cold,
But in Spring, in his sunny garden,
He planted it deep in the mold.

In its pods, in that sunny garden,
Hung many a daughter and son,
But the black stitch of the tailor
Was in each bean, every one!

Old Legend from GRIMM.

THE DISCONTENTED PINE TREE

DEEP in a green and shady wood
With other trees together,
A fragrant little pine tree stood
In bright and stormy weather.
“I’ve but sharp needles,” said the pine,
“Had I, dear friends, such leaves as thine!

“While you, my loving comrades dear,
Soft, tender leaves are wearing,
I sharp and stiff must bristle here,
My hateful needles bearing.
Oh, if I dared to be so bold,
I’d wish my needles turned to gold!”

At night the pine tree went to rest,
He waked at early dawning;
In shining gold each twig was drest;
Oh, what a joyful morning!
“In all the land,” was his glad cry,
“There is not one so fine as I.”

But in the woods that very day,
Looking so wild and staring,
A bearded robber came that way
A pack and long sack bearing.
The robber tore away the gold,
And left the tree all bare and cold.

The little pine tree spake with grief,
 "All trees will me be scorning,
For here I stand without a leaf
 This cold and chilly morning.
Had I the wish again, alas !
 I'd wish my leaves were glittering glass."

Once more the pine tree went to rest,
 To find at early dawning
In glittering glass each branch was drest,
 That bright and shining morning.
"Now," cried the tree in joyous glee,
 "No tree can glisten like to me."

But soon a mighty whirlwind blew,
 And in the woods came rushing;
Branches and twigs around it threw,
 The brittle needles crushing:
There lay the glittering leaves of glass
 Scattered and broken in the grass.

"My leaves lie shattered in the dust,"
 The pine tree said with sorrow;
"My punishment is surely just,
 Sadly I wait the morrow.
Truly it would have been the best,
 Had I asked green leaves like the rest."

He wakened in the bright sunrise,
And in the early glowing
He trembled with a glad surprise,
To see his soft leaves blowing.
“Now I am like the rest,” said he,
“None can speak slightingly of me.”

But waddling out in search of food,
Some noisy geese came squawking,
And with them came a hungry brood,
O'er grass and brambles stalking.
Quickly they spied the little tree—
Nor leaf, nor stem was left to see.

“Now,” said the tree so stripped and bare,
“I am a foolish fellow.
No,” murmured he in sad despair,
“I ask no gold, nor yellow,
Had I my needles back again,
Not any more would I complain.”

The pine tree went to sleep that night
With heavy heart of sadness,
Nor thought he that the morning light
Would turn that grief to gladness.
But when he looked his form to see
He laughed, and laughed in merry glee.

And why did all the trees laugh out,
With such a merry ringing?
Why through the forest went a shout
Of laughter and of singing?
The tree in his own needles drest,
Said, "Now I have the very best."

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866).

THE FLIGHT OF THE FAIRIES

“GET up, get up, there’s knocking without!

Tipp, tipp, who can it be?”

The gray haired ferryman hunts about—

“Tipp, tipp, who can it be?”

There is no one here, and the moon is dim,

A thing so queer was ne’er heard by him.

Then a whisper near:

“O Ferryman dear,

With wives and children we’re trooping here,

A tiny people with many a fear.

Ferry us over, the task is small;

We’ll give you a penny, each and all.

Too noisy has grown our land,

We fly to the other strand.

“Rude sounds of mortals our lands invade,

Loud blows of the ax, and the hammers
bang.

There are drums and guns in the forest shade,

And day after day the church bells clang.”

The ferryman pulls his boat to the shore.

“Get in,” he cries, “I will row you o’er.

At the foot of the rock,

Drop the toll in the crock.”

And then what a tumult and hurry and rout,

Such rumpus and running, with cry and with
shout,

Such pulling and pushing and rushing about,
As they tumble within and are crowding without ;

Ten thousand voices crying,
Finer than zephyrs sighing.

For the ferryman's boy arose a call.

In terror the Little People cry,
"Do not tread upon us, we are very small—
Our wives and children would surely die."

Tuck, tuck, on the rock

Drop the pence in the crock.

They scramble on board,
With many a hoard

Of jewels and satins and mantles red,
With pillow and cushion and feather bed.

With corn, rye, and barley, and loaves of
bread,

With cat, cow, and calf unwillingly led.

"Take care lest we all be drowned!
Give heed lest we get aground!"

New hosts come crowding: "We too would
go,

Though we tremble and faint at the river's
tide;

For the waves are high, and swift waters flow,
Yet on we go to the other side."



gew

He carries them all to the distant strand,
The moon goes into the slumberland.

But still it is light.

What shimmers so bright?

A thousand tapers through darkness hie,
Now hither and yon they quickly fly.

“Wake up!” calls the boy with a wondering
cry,

“Get up, look out, there are fairies nigh!”

They hasten with torches beaming;

In their glow are the treasures gleaming.

And oh, such a wonder as never was seen

Of torches and lanterns! In brave array,
With roses bedecked and with garlands green,
How bright was the strand with the Fairies
gay!

They were loaded with jewels and finest gold,
With children of beauty that never was told.

Thought the boy, “I will hurry away,
The gold shall be mine ere the day.”

But quickly the little people spy
The skiff on the waves that is coming nigh;
And wild the alarm and the warning cry,
“They see us, they come, away let us fly!

Puff, puff! put out each light,
Now vanish every spright!”

Fine stones come flying like showers of hail,
Stinging and sharp, and they pelted sore.
The boy gave a howl and a dismal wail,
As he turned about to the other shore.
“Now hurry and fly, for ere break of day
In the elfin land we must be far away—
Away from the haunts of men,
Away to the fairy glen!”
They hurried away to the mountain land,
Each bearing a burden with weary hand,
They climbed up the hills and they toiled
through the sand,
As they scattered and scampered away from
the strand,
Away with their bundle and pack.
Alas! and they never came back.

A. KLOPISCH (1799-1853).



THERE came to the river the young Rosalind,
She came bringing linen her fair hands had
spinned,
To dip in the water and dry in the wind,
In the wind, in the wind; to dip in the water
and dry in the wind.

As she dipped it, and knelt by the clear water's
side,
In a loving embrace it was held by the tide.
And she strewed all the bank in a white lily
sheen.
As she spread it to dry on the soft meadow
green.

When she stepped with her pretty bare feet
from the stream,
In the grass did the falling drops glisten and
gleam.
And there sprang a gay garden where fair
Rosalind
Came her linen to dip, and to dry in the wind.

And the wind held his breath, and was hushed
by her grace,
And the blue heavens bent over to see the sweet
face
In the clear stream that mirrored the fair
Rosalind,
Who spread the white linen to dry in the wind.

As I rest in the cornfield tired of play
The tall stalks murmur and sing all day
They wave above me like desert palms
I dream of the heavenly angels' psalms
As they rustle the livelong day.





The · Story · of · the · Grain ·

CHILDREN, the breakfast is ready, so come eat
your porridge,
Come with glad faces, fresh as the dew-washed
flowers of the meadow.
Now lift your hearts to heaven, and pray to
the Father so loving,
Pray for a kindly blessing; then eat, grow
strong, and be thankful.
Children, in early spring the grain for your
porridge was planted,
When your father with diligent hand scattered
it over the meadow,
But he could not make it grow, but only your
Father in heaven.
Children, there sleeps in the grain a germ so
little and tiny,

Buried down deep in the earth, so dark and
silent and chilly,
Waiting the glad spring days, with sunshine
bright, and warm moisture,
Drinking the soft spring rain till it bursts its
horny covering,
Slips from its swaddling bands, and sends a
tiny root downwards.
Deeper and deeper it sinks, filled with inquisi-
tive longings,
Seeking upward to grow, to see the great world
so wondrous,
Asking, "What shall I become, what the use,
the end, of my being?"
Timid and silent and shy, a little sprout peeps
through the earth mold,
Sees the bright, glad, happy earth, and its
heart is filled with rejoicing.
Kindly the dear God smiles as he says to a lov-
ing angel:
"Take it a drop of dew, and bid it a tender wel-
come."
And braver and stronger it stands, baptized in
the early morning.

But now comes the glorious sun, washed,
brushed, dressed, and resplendent,
Climbing up over the mountains, and bringing
her knitting work with her.

High in the heavens she knits, and looks down
as a friendly mother
Stands and looks at her children, and she
smiles on the plant so tiny.
Down to its little root trembles the thrill of
rejoicing,
As it says, "What a splendid queen, and yet
so friendly and loving."
But children, what did she knit? Ah, clouds
of the heavenly vapors;
And drops soon fell on the earth, and the plant
drank deep, and was grateful.

Eat, dear children; bless God, grow strong,
and be thankful.
Bitter times came to the grain; clouds on
clouds covered the heavens,
Darker and darker it grew, and the sun seemed
banished forever.
High on the mountains it snowed, and hail
stones fell fast in the valley,
And the slender blade shivered with cold, and
trembled with fear, and lamented.
"Is the sun dead and buried?" it cried. "Shall
I never more see it's glad shining?
Have the dark clouds borne it away; is it chilled
by the cold wind, and frozen?

Oh, why did I not always stay in the earth,
safely tucked in my kernel,
In the ground so warm and so still, where
snugly away I was hidden?"

So you speak, children dear, when you go in
the strange world alone to your labor,
When you struggle for bread and for gold, for
shelter, perchance, and for clothing.
"Why left I the fireside!" you cry. "Oh,
would I were home with my mother."
Trust in God, not alway come hard times, and
soon they perhaps will be better.
So it came to the little plant growing. Now
hear, on the first of May morning,
As lonely it stood and dejected, the sun climbed
up over the mountain,
Fondly smiled on the slender blade growing,
and gave it a kiss so merry.
Now gone is the sorrow and fear, and life
seems gladsome and happy;
Green grows the grass in the fields, and gay
flowers sprinkle the meadows.
Red is the cherries' tint, and the plums on the
plum trees are swelling,
Fuller becomes the corn, and thicker the wheat
and the barley.

"Now," says the growing grain, "the others
shall not outstrip me."

Wide his green blades he spreads ; who has them
so daintily folded?

Who on soft, silky threads has fastened the
slender oats hanging,

That tremble and sway in the breeze, like a
timid bride at the altar?

Who but the heavenly angels, who wander be-
tween the furrows?

Stronger and fuller the grain grows in the
summer stillness ;

"Now know I," it softly says, "the aim, the
use of my living."

And it gently waves in the field, as the insects
come and sing with it,

And the glowworm brings it his lantern at
night when the others are sleeping.

Eat, my children ; bless God, grow strong, and
be thankful.

Later the harvest has come, the cherries are
ripened and gathered ;

Later the plums were picked, with rosy peach
in the garden.

The rye and the maise were cut, the bearded
wheat, and the barley.

Then the oats said, "My time has come ; shall
I stand alone with the stubble?"

So its day of harvesting came, of reaping and
binding and thrashing;
Then away to the dusty mill between the heavy
stones grinding.
Now your mother has cooked it with milk; eat,
children, grow strong, and be thankful.
Give thanks to your heavenly Father, then
hasten to school with your satchels,
Give heed to your teacher's words, be diligent,
faithful, and earnest.
And when you come home to your dinner, you
will find a plum tart on the table.

HEBEL (1760-1826).



A FRAGMENT

THE moon rests on the waves,
A red pomegranate ripe,
And o'er the gray old sea
Streams many a golden stripe.

Once I wandered on the strand,
Where I saw the white waves break,
And I heard most wondrous words,
That the dashing waters spake.

HEINRICH HEINE (1800-1856).

SPRING FLOWERS

WHY do all the fair flowers keep
In their little beds in the earth asleep,
Covered by many a white snowflake,
So soundly sleeping that none awake?
When spring days come, full of sun and song,
The dear God walks the garden along,
Turns the coverlid soft away,
Calls, "Come, children, awake to day!"
Then little heads come peeping out,
Glad waking eyes look pleased about.

WILHELM HEY (1789-1823).

TREE LORE

'TWAS midnight, all the world was still
When from the greenwood stealing,
There came a rustle and a sigh,
A whisper and a soft reply,
Some tender thoughts revealing.

The rose tree spake in gentle tones:
"A rose life is so fleeting,
In brightest beauty it should bloom,
With rarest tints and sweet perfume
Give all a pleasant greeting."

The slender poplar murmured soft,
To heaven his arms upraising;
"Rich blessings warm this heart of mine,
My leaves dance in the glad sunshine,
My life is filled with praising."

The willow bent to earth and said,
"Dear earth, I would caress thee,
Thy wildwood flowers I'd intertwine
Within these trailing wreaths of mine,—
So should thy sweetness bless me."

The heavy laden plum tree sighed,
"A burdened life I'm living,
Beneath my heavy weight I groan,
I bear it not for self alone,
My gladness comes with giving."

Brave were the little pine tree's words,
His courage never quailing,
Steadfast he stood in wildest storms,
In winter cold and summer warm,
His colors never failing.

And much I wondered as I heard
Of tree life thought and feeling,
How whispered they of days of yore,
How wise the words of forest lore—
'Twas really past revealing.

And would you hear the ancient trees
Their earnest councils keeping?
Then listen in the solemn night,
By the pale moonbeam's shimmering light,
When all the world is sleeping.

ANASTASIUS GRÜN (1806-1876).

A PICNIC IN THE CORN FIELD

THE growing corn waved in the bright morning sun,
The insects so nimble skipped gayly in fun,
For happy were they to dance and to play
Around the green meadows this sunshiny day.
The morning was fragrant and fresh with the dew,
And white fleecy clouds floated over the blue,
While over their heads the slow, green, waving blade
To these tiny folk seemed a tall palm tree's shade.
Grasshoppers and katydids gathered around,
Gnats, spiders, and bumblebees, places soon found;
An ant heavy laden came solemnly by,
And ready was she the gay crowd to espy.
She said, "Have you nothing to do but to play,
Do you frolic and dance the whole livelong day?
Why squander in idleness all the long year,
And lazily sit the lark's music to hear?
I rise with the dawning, I labor till late,
It is seldom I stop and never I wait."
"Dame Ant," they cried coaxingly, "just one day rest,
Come council with us how to spend it the best,

We know that you labor the whole livelong day,
But let this glad morning be merry with play.
For hear you not how all the woods are ring-
ing,

How all the gay birds are trilling and sing-
ing?

So we merry creatures, the young and the old,
This day warm and sunny a picnic will hold.
Bring all of you honey or sugar or spice,
Or anything else to eat that is nice,
Our supper so dainty we'll finish with dancing,
And music most gay and very entrancing."

As soon as the supper was all cleared away,
For a fiddler they called without any delay;
But music they all had forgotten to bring,
For though they could dance, not any could
sing.

The spider went spinning from left to the
right,

"Shame," said he, "I am not in good voice to-
night."

"I play," said the beetle, "with melody clear—
Alas that I have not an instrument here!"

"The trouble, I see," said Dame Ant, "with a
glance;

No fun without dancing—no music, no dance.
My friend Mrs. Cricket is living quite near;
Let her bring her fiddle and play for us here."

“Dame Cricket, Dame Cricket, come quick with
your bow,

And play for our dancing!” The cricket said,
“No.

I will not, I cannot soon pardon the slight
That me to your supper you did not invite.
I will play for myself; you may dance if you
please,

But let me alone while I take my own ease.”

So loud played the cricket, they sprang and
they danced,

They hopped and they waltzed, and the grass-
hoppers pranced

Till weary and quite out of breath were they
all,

“O Cricket,” they cried, “put an end to the
ball!

O Cricket, dear Cricket, enough is enough.”

But the cricket kept scraping away in a huff.

“O Cricket,” they cried, “will you give us no
rest?”

“You may rest,” laughed the cricket, “when-
e'er you think best.”

No coaxing, no scolding the shrill notes could
stay,

And on chirped the cricket. She's chirping
to-day.

SOPHIE TRAUT.

THE BLACK SWALLOW

If I am very black,
And do not look fine,
The fault all belongs to another;

I'm sure you will say
The guilt is not mine,
For I've never been washed by my mother.

I'd like to be clean
And in white to be drest,
But she keeps me tucked up
In a warm, feathered nest.

ERLACHS VOLKSLEIDER.



THE SUN AND THE RAIN

SAID the sun, "I will shine on forever
In the beautiful sky each day."

Said the rain, "I will never stop, never;
I will fall on the earth alway."

"You will make it too wet," said the sunshine,
"If you go dripping on evermore."

"You will make it too dry," said the rain-
cloud,

"If you drive me away with my store."

Said the sun, "I make everything fruitful,
And all joy my bright face to see."

The rain said, "I freshen the drooping,
Most gladly the parched earth greets me."

So each tried to banish the other,
But the world grew barren and drear,
Till in peace they wrought one with another,
And then followed blessings and cheer.

R. ENSLIN.

THE BALL OF THE NIGHTINGALES

“We’ll give a ball,”
Said the nightingales all.
“What shall we play?”
Asked the blue jay.
“Play humpty doodle,”
Growled the black poodle.
“What shall we drink?”
Trilled bobolink.
“Beer,”
Bellowed the steer.
“Wine,”
Grunted the swine.
“Caraway tea,”
Said the pony, “for me,”
“A cup of cocoa,”
Pleaded the roe.
“We all wish to dance,
We crickets will prance.”
“Who’ll play the horn?”
Asked the white fawn.
“I’ll play on the pipe,”
Croaked the bullfrog, “to-night.”
“How long shall we stay?”
Said the owl so gray.
“Till twelve of the clock,”
Said the woodcock.

“Where shall it be?”
Whispered the flea.
“Come to my house,”
Said the field mouse.
So they all turned about,
And the council was out.

MUNDLICH.

THE SLEEPING APPLE

ON a tree mid greenest branches
A beautiful apple swung,
With cheeks all red and rosy,
And fast, fast, asleep it hung.

A child ran into the shadow,
And laughed and shouted with glee,
“O apple, red cheeked apple,
Do wake and come down to me.”

The laughing, warm, bright sunshine
From a fleecy cloud did break ;
“O sunshine, dear glad sunshine,
Kiss my pretty apple awake.”

And gayly the happy sunshine
Made haste in its face to peep,
Kissed it with fondest kisses,
But the apple kept fast asleep.

Then there came a merry robin
And perched on the spreading tree,
“Oh, sing a sweet song, dear robin ;
Wake the apple up for me.”

And the gay bird trilled and twittered
Such a song as never was heard,
Such a song of joy and gladness,
But the apple never stirred.

Then who came with howls and hisses?
The wind, with a shriek and a groan,
With never a song nor kisses,—
He piped quite another tone.

For howling and shrieking and groaning,
He blew with his main and might
On the apple softly sleeping;
It wakened, trembling with fright.

It sprang from the tree top quickly
To the open lap of the child,
Who clasped it and gayly shouted,
“I thank you, good wind so wild.”

ROBERT REINICK (1805-1852).



THE CHERRY TREE

To early spring the dear God said,
“Cover the cherry tree with green,
First for the worm a table spread.”
And tender leaves were quickly seen.

And once again the dear God said,
“Go deck the tree with blossoms white;
Next for the bees a table spread.”
And fragrant blossoms were in sight.

To summer then the dear God said,
“Now for the birds a feast prepare,
Fill all the tree with cherries red,
Let the gay songsters have their share.”

To autumn next the dear God said,
“Now call the chilling frosts and cold,
The table clear, all have been fed;
Turn all the leaves to red and gold.

“Then turn the glowing leaves to brown,
For winter’s rest the tree prepare.”
Slowly to earth they fluttered down;
The cherry tree stood lone and bare.

To winter then the dear God said,
“Now let the tree find rest and peace,
O’er the stripped boughs a mantle spread.”
Soft fell the feathery, snowy fleece.

HEBEL (1760-1826).

THE MOSS AND THE PINE

To the moss said the stately pine,
“How lowly a lot is thine!”
The wind blew with might and main,
Split the lofty pine in twain.
Said the moss to the broken pine:
“How happy a lot is mine.”

JOHN BAPTIST BANDLIN.

GOD'S FATHERLOVE

THERE is no mouse so young and weak,
 But has its loving, tender mother,
Running all day its food to seek,
 Feeding each hungry brother.

There is no little bird so small,
 In cold and stormy weather,
That is not covered over all,
 With coat of softest feather.

There is no gaudy butterfly,
 No hungry worm or creeping thing,
But finds of food a full supply
 In leaf and fruit and blossoming.

And who for all has so much care?
 Who watches over land and sea?
God gives to each its little share.
 And he will surely care for me.

WILHELM HEY (1789-1833).

SUN, MOON, AND STARS

To the sun who travels the long, long way
 Round the world,
The stars said, "May we go with you all day
 Round the world?"
The sun, fierce and angry, cried, "You stay at
 home!
I'll burn out your golden eyes if you roam
In my swift, fiery way round the world."

The stars went softly to the moon so fair,
 In the night,
Said, "O queen, whose throne is the fleecy air,
 In the night
Let us go with you, for your gentle ray
Will ne'er burn our little bright eyes away."
So she chose her dear friends of the night.

ERNST MOSIZ ARNDT (1769-1860).

DO LIKEWISE

THE sun looks with a gladsome ray
So kindly in the world all day:
Bring thou glad cheer
To friends most dear.

The tree lifts up its branches high,
In sun and storm points to the sky:
Be brave and strong
All thy life long.

The fountain springs and ripples light,
Swift flow the bubbling waters bright:
Spring light and gay
To tasks each day.

The wild bird's song is full of glee,
Grateful for sunshine, fountain, tree:
So fill thy days
With songs of praise.

ROBERT REINICK (1805-1852).



I

THE GENERAL

A RIDDLE

UPON the first morning of the year,
I wakened from sleep and cried, "What cheer?"
As gayly a youth came tripping in
With lightsome step and with gentle mien,
And said, "I pray thee give me quarter,
Closer I'll cleave than son or daughter."
I rubbed my eyes and looked in his face,
Thought, "Can I faith in the stranger place?
Who knows the lightfoot, and is he sly?
Will he cheat me if I in him rely?"
Then asked I of him, "Who art thou, I pray?"
"That must thou guess," did he archly say,
"I am a general, and my will
Some three hundred loyal men fulfill;
They shall all thy faithful servants be,
If only I may abide with thee.
Their noble chiefs are in robes of red,
A snow-white crest on each royal head;
Fifty and two in the ranks are found,
And peace and good order there abound.
Now every soldier, man for man,
Grows dark as the blackest African,
And from morning's dawn till dusk of night
Hard toil and labor is their delight.

Yet deem it not as a fable of old
That meat and drink they never behold
And a wish for wages never is told.
When comes the night with its welcomed sleep,
One soldier less do the numbers keep,
For daily from out the ranks doth flee
One whom you never again may see.
And when at last is the year all spent,
Each soldier is gone from the regiment."

Who are the soldiers, tell me I pray?
Who are the chiefs in such bright array?
Who is the general so brave and true?
Will you bid him stay if he comes to you?

[ANSWER: *The Year.*.]

II

THE APOSTLES

A RIDDLE

THE Lord from his heavenly house above
Sends out apostles of peace and love
To travel the spacious world around,
And tell of truths in the gospel found.
So journey they on, year in, year out,
In bands of three the glad earth about.
The first are preaching in gentlest tone
Of love that comes to the sad and lone
In the bleak and dreary vales of earth,
And golden sunbeams have joyous birth
To gladden all hearts, both far and near,
While life o'erfloweth with merry cheer.
Their work soon finished, they pass away
'Mid singing of birds and flowers gay,
As a second trio come to teach
The selfsame love in still louder speech.
Again appeareth a priestly band
With gracious words and loving command;
Many and costly the gifts they bring,
Alike bestowed on peasant and king.
"Ye sons of labor," they loudly cry,
"Work earnestly now, your rest is nigh."
Then follow the heralds of welcomed rest,
Who deck with white mantle and sparkling
crest

The earth so dreary and bleak and bare,
And silence and peace reign everywhere.
Lightly they whisper, "Do not lament,
The fetters of death by life are rent,
A morning follows the long, dark night,
Awaking all in its quick'ning light!"
Know'st thou the apostles from on high?
Then heavenward thankfully lift thine eye,
Deep is His love they declare each day,
Then serve and praise Him for aye and aye.

[ANSWER: *The Seasons.*.]

THE ROUND, RED, SHORT, FUNNY MAN

Now listen, children, as hard as you can:
There was once a round, red, short, funny man
Who had round, red, short, striped stockings
on.
He was girt with a round, red, short, shining
sword,
And sat on a round, red, short, spotted horse.
He rode through the round, red, short, dirty
streets
Where the round, red, short, dirty children sat.
Oh, you round, red, short, dirty children, run
along!
Run away from the round, red, short, dirty
streets,
That you frighten not my round, red, short,
spotted horse.
Now, have I not told you a round, red, short,
funny story
Of the round, red, short, funny man?

GEORGEN'S *Kindergarten.*

SHACK AND SIPP

THERE was once a man ;
He had three sons ;
The first named Shack ;
The second, Shackschawerack ;
The third, Shackschawerackschaconimmine.
There was also a woman ;
She had three daughters ;
The first named Sipp,
The second, Sippschwepelipp ;
The third, Sippschwepelippelimmine.
Now, Shack married Sipp ;
And Shackschawerack, Sippschwepelipp ;
And Shackschawerackschaconimmine
Married Sippschwepelippelimmine.

SCHLESWIG—HOLSTEIN.

THE THREE HUNTERS

THREE hunters went far over mountain and
crag
To seek and to capture the snow-white stag.

Neath a pine tree's shade, by a murmuring
stream
They slept, and they dreamed the selfsame
dream.

THE FIRST

I dreamed as I beat with my staff the brush
Out bounded the snow-white stag with a rush.

THE SECOND

As he sprang fast from the hound's deep yell,
I lifted my gun, and he quickly fell.

THE THIRD

And as I the stag on the green earth saw,
I blew on my bugle a glad tra la.

So lazily loitered and dreamed the three,
While the snow-white stag ran by merrily;

And ere his lithe form had the hunters seen,
He was far away in the forest green.
Riff raff, pief paff, tra la!

UHLAND (1787-1862).

THE OLD SONG

ONCE there was a royal wedding
In a castle gray and old.
Fair the young bride was and stately,
And the bridegroom true and bold.

Noble guests with richest treasure
Came to join the festive throng;
And there came a lowly poet,
But he only brought a song.

Scattered are the gifts so costly,
Bride and groom have passed away,
All the guests sleep in the churchyard
But the old song lives to-day.

FRIEDRICK BODENSTEDF (1819-1892).

TWO EARS, ONE MOUTH

THOU'ST two white ears and one mouth so red;
Would'st wisdom borrow?
Much may be heard, but little be said;
Heed that to-morrow.

One mouth and two eyes as bright as day;
Ponder the reason:
Learn much to hear, but little to say;
Be wise in season.

One rosy mouth and two soft hands white;
So shalt thou measure;
Two willing workers for others' delight,
One for thy pleasure.

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866).

THE TREE THAT WENT TO WALK

A LITTLE white birch stood
Within a shady wood,
Crowded and crushed between
A tangled thicket green.
He thought and thought it o'er,
“This cramping chafes me sore,
No longer will I stay,
I'll surely go away,
O'er meadows I will roam,
And find another home
Where neither beech nor pine
Their branches intertwine.
I'll go where sunbeams glance
And dance.”

So he bade his friends good day
As he quickly went his way
To a pleasant meadow green,
Where no bush nor tree was seen;
“Here,” he said, “my home shall be;
I will dance right merrily.”
Such a charming place he found,
With bright sunshine all around
And a running brooklet clear
Singing gladsome words of cheer;

When too hot the noonday gleam,
Drank he of the cooling stream,
And in many a chilly blast
Danced he merrily and fast.

The birch tree danced and grew
The livelong summer through,
Till the winds of autumn blew,
And his leaves away they flew ;
Some fluttered into the stream,
Some dried in the sunbeams' gleam.
His branches were cold and bare,
And the tree was in despair.
He called to the brook in pain,
“Give me back my leaves again.
My summer dress is gone ;
I am cold and very forlorn.”
But the brooklet softly spake :
“Back your leaves you cannot take.
In my current swift they lay,
And I carried them away.”

Then the tree to the sun did say,
“Give me back my leaves, I pray” ;
But the sun only shook his head,
“You cannot have them,” he said,
“They were laid in my hot, hot hand ;
They are dead and dry in the sand.”

Then he sought his leaves to find
 Of the wind,—
Cried, “Give me the leaves once more
That you from my branches tore.”
But the wind said, “Your wish is vain,
Far they’re scattered o’er the plain.”
Then the birch tree stood quite still,
“Now know I,” he said, “what I will:
I will go to the woods once more
And stand where I stood before;
I will creep in the thicket green,
The pine tree and spruce between.”

Back again without delay
To the woods he made his way,
And he went from tree to tree,
Asking, “Is there room for me?”
But they answered, one and all,
“You have grown too large and tall.”
Still he went from tree to tree,
But they said, “No room for thee.”

Shivering and alone he stood
On the border of the wood,
When a man he did behold,
Rubbing both his hands so cold.
“ ’Tis a woodman,” said the tree,
“He will be a friend to me.”

To the man he quickly spake,
“Prithee, on me pity take.
I am cold as cold can be,
You are freezing, too, I see ;
If you will a kindness do,
I will give myself to you.
Take me to your cheerful hearth,
Let me hear the household mirth.
Make of me a glowing blaze,
Songs of gladness we will raise.”

So the woodman felled the tree,
Bore him home right thankfully.
Danced the blaze in merry glee,
Sparks flew upward joyously.

Basking in the ruddy glow,
Flitting gayly too and fro,
Happy children gathered near,
Glad the pleasant song to hear.

From the roaring, crackling blaze,
From the woodman’s hymn of praise,
High the curling, white smoke blew,
Little tree to heaven flew.

FREDERICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866).

THE FINGERS

THE fingers into strife did fall;
“I am the greatest,” cried they all.
“Silence! the greatest sure am I,
You are no use till I am nigh.
More than you all do I alone,
So crown me king upon the throne.”
Thus spake the thumb. “Nay, brothers, lin-
ger,”
Arose the voice of the forefinger,
“The greatest honors do I earn,
My quick, fine touch can most discern.
For diligence and constant care
Your work with mine will not compare.”
The middle finger cried with scorn,
“Behold, I am most kingly born,
Larger and stronger than the rest;
Surely I am the very best.”
Spake the ring finger, “Do you see
That none is honored like to me?
Adorned with precious stones and gold,
My higher rank can scarce be told.”
No word the little finger spake,
Nor in the strife a part would take.
“Speak,” said the other brothers, “do!
Tell us what kind of use are you?”
“God has created me,” said he,
“So truly there is work for me.

He who has made me sure can tell
Some way that I may serve Him well.
For, to His children, great and small,
The best place He has given to all.
Who tries to do his very best
May trust the dear God for the rest.”
The others listened as he spake
And to his words good heed did take.
A while they stood in silence meek,
Then all unitedly did speak,
“You have well answered, little brother;
Wiser you were than any other.”

ENSLIN.

FORGOTTEN RESOLUTIONS

PRISONED beneath the ice so cold,
Some dismal frogs a council hold.

“Oh,” cry they, “if we could get free
Like nightingales our songs would be!”

There came a warm and sunny day,
The cold, glare ice all passed away:

The frogs swam to the nearest shore,
And croaked more hoarsely than before.

GOETHE (1749-1832).

TWO WANDERERS

Two wanderers, Alpine-stock in hand,
Clambered high into the mountain land.
To the one it was but a toilsome day,
To the other a joyous, illumined way.

So when to the city back they came,
Dusty and sunburned, tired and lame,
The people said, as they gathered around,
“What have you seen, oh, what have you
found?”

The first replied with a weary yawn,
“Nothing at all,” with a look forlorn,
“But forest and mountain and lofty pine,
Blue skies, brooks, meadows, and hot sunshine.”

But “Everything!” did the other reply,
With a glowing face and beaming eye,
“Forest and mountain and lofty pine,
Blue skies, brooks, meadows, and glad sun-
shine!”

ANASTASIOUS GRÜN (1806-1876).

THE AMBITIOUS VIOLET

IN a cool, shady valley a violet blue,
Near a rill's merry music, a little while grew.
The bees, birds, and butterflies came where he
stood

In the peaceful and quiet and beautiful wood,
But he said, "I can't stay and blossom all day
In this stupid corner, far out of the way;
How much can I see of this world so free
In the gloomy shade of an old oak tree?"
So upward he started, with staff in his hand,
Climbing away to the fair mountain land.
Climbing and climbing the violet went,
One foot after the other,
Up with a spirit of discontent,
Away from comrade and brother.
"On yonder hill I could something see,"
He thought as he mounted merrily.

So he planted himself in a sunny spot
And said, "Far better is now my lot."
But scarcely a day had he blossomed here
When he said, "I see only the country near;
Were I on the lofty mountain side,
I could look into all the world so wide."
So once more he started, with staff in his hand,
Climbing away to the high mountain land.
Climbing and climbing the violet went,

One foot after the other,
With feet well worn and with strength nigh
spent,

A better land to discover.

Panting and breathless the top he found,
And settled himself in the sterile ground.
“The prospect is very fine,” mused he,
“But this little world is all I can see;
This mountain is not so very high,
But were I on the Alps, I could view the sky.
Up and above the clouds so light
I could look straight into the heaven bright,
I could hear the blessed angels sing
As with golden harps they are minstreling.”
So away to the rugged mountain land
Clambered he onward, with staff in his hand;
Climbing and climbing the violet went,
One foot after the other,
Wearily now his steps he bent
The dizzy height to discover.

Steeper and rougher the pathway grew,
And soon there was no more path in view,
No place for his feet on the rocks so bare,
And giddy he grew in the noonday glare.
Weary and fainting, his courage gave way,
Shivering, white, on the hard earth he lay;
Wildly and chilling the frosty winds blew
Till blue violet’s feet were frozen quite through.

Then sadly and bitterly poor violet wept
As under his tattered green mantle he crept;
His tears, vainly falling, were frozen and fast,
His plaintive lament—it was truly the last—
“Oh, were I again in my home by the rill—”
He breathed but one sigh, and forever was still.

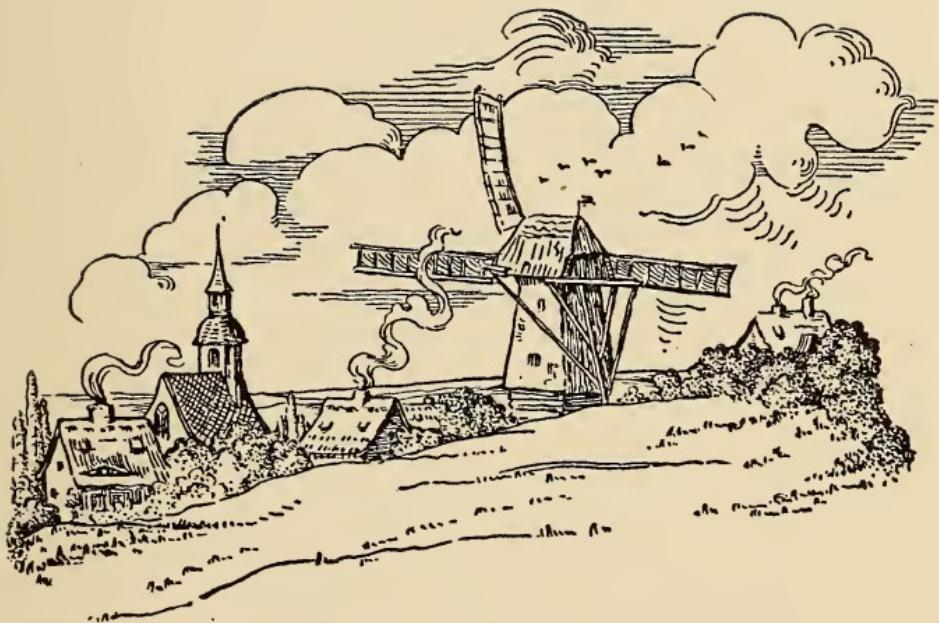
Hast thou in the valley a fair, peaceful home?
Beware lest thy footsteps too far away roam!

FÖRSTER (1791-1868).

LOST IN THE TWILIGHT

A FATHER and his son in the deepening twilight
stray,
Striving in vain to find the well known home-
ward way.
The boy peers through the gloom at rock and
bush and tree;
The father scans the heavens, the guiding stars
to see.
The rocks and stones are dumb, the trees return
no sound,
But from the constant stars the homeward way
is found.
Read'st thou the lesson well? would'st walk in
peace and love
Thy journey through the earth? Seek wisdom
from above.

RÜCKERT.



HOOPELAND



The Story of Washing and Dressing

“You are pretty, but you must hold still,” said the sponge.

“Foolish thing, you must hold still,” said the water.

“If we do not rub hard we shall not do our part,” said the washcloth to the soap.

“One little ear is already clean,” said the towel;
“now for the other.”

“We are both ready,” said the comb and hair-brush.

“First the right armhole, then the left arm-hole,” said the little new shirt.

“You have not grown thin over night,” said the stocking to the plump little legs.

The shoes said, "Black ponies, polished hoofs."
"Head over without disturbing the frizzes; that
is the art," said the petticoat.

"But now come I," said the pretty red frock
with the gold buttons.

"Don't forget me," said the soft white handker-
chief.

"All dressed and ready!" cried all together.

"But ah! there is a tear, a little bit of a tear,
a stupid little tear in the corner of Baby's
eye.

"I will kiss it all away," said the mamma.

RUDOLPH REICHMAN.

BABY'S TREASURES

THE snail has a little house,
A warm, snug nest the mouse,
The sparrow has its feathers fine,
The butterfly gay wings that shine.
Now tell me, darling, what have you?
“Warm clothes, stockings, each foot a shoe,
And father and mother, and life and love,
Are sent to me by the dear God above.”

WILHELM HEY (1789-1833).

BABY'S SUPPER

“SLEEP, baby, sleep,
At the door there stands a sheep
With long and fine white wool,—”
Here's baby's milk cup full,—
“It has four nimble feet,—”
Now taste the milk so sweet.
“Has a pretty white head,—”
Here's a soft bit of bread.
Fill the cup three times a day,
Baby drink it all away.
Worry not and grumble not,
Go to sleep, my little tot.

SAMLANDISCH.

PUSSY SAT BY THE DOOR

Pussy sat by the door and looked very wise,
She polished her fur, and wide opened her eyes.
She parted her whiskers each side of her nose,
And carefully washed her little pink toes.
She perked up her ears, and with dignity sat,
This very respectable, loud purring cat.
When lo ! the door opened, and who should ap-
pear

But a great ugly dog—Pussy trembled with
fear ;
She tried in a safe, quiet corner to hide,
But the cross, ugly dog was close at her side,
He barked in her face and he growled in her ear
Till poor, frightened Puss was scarce able to
hear.

He said, “Bow wow wow !”

Pussy only said, “Meou.”

He said, “Bu wu wu !”

Pussy simply said, “Mew.”

He kept barking on, from her side would not
stir ;

Pussy stuck up her back and bristled her fur.
Then she sprang on his neck, gave each ear
such a blow

That he ran and he yelped, but she would not
let go.

He roared and he howled and he struggled in vain,
Till Pussy jumped down to the doorstep again.
She said, "Run away, I owe you no spite;
I hope you will learn to be next time polite."
The dog ran away with his tail very low;
Said, "I've felt her sharp claws, and next time
I shall know."



THE MOTHER NODS

THE children round their mother stand,
 Her eyes are closed, her fingers slow;
The knitting from her sleepy hand
 Drops to the floor as she nods low.

Apples of gold and rosy red
 Are on the table in a row;
“How nice, how beautiful,” all said.
 “May we have some? See, she nods low.”

“And I, and I?” cry voices bold,
 As in their pockets quickly go
Those apples of bright red and gold.
 “May we have all? Yes, she nods low.”

In angry rage the father came,
 “Where is my fruit? I wish to know!”
They pointed to the sleeping dame,—
 “We asked for it; she nodded low.”

THE HOME OF THE MOUSE

I ASKED a mouse,
“Where is thy house?”
Slowly the mouse replied to me:
“Tell not the cat, and I’ll show thee.”
Up with a bound,
Then turn around,
Now left, now right,
Then out of sight,
“There,” said the mouse,
“You’ll find my house.
But do not let the pussy know.
The door is small,
So is the hall;
Stoop very low
When in you go.”

J. CROJAN.

THE DILIGENT BOY

A boy sat alone in his study,
Plodding his lessons o'er,
The sun peeped into the window
And streamed through the open door.
“Why linger you here?” it whispered,
“For gladsome and bright is the day;
Put by all your stupid school books,
Come into the fields and play.”

A gay bird swung in the branches,
And warbled a merry lay.
“Come out,” he cried, “into the sunshine,
For balmy and soft is the day.
The trees are all full of blossoms,
The sky is so very blue,
The fragrant flowers and the meadows,
Are sparkling and fresh with the dew.”

An apple tree tapped on the casement
And rustled his leaves in glee,
Cried, “Look at my juicy apples;
They are ripe, all ripe for thee.”
“Dear tree, I would climb your strong branches;
Dear bird, I would join in your fun;
And linger, dear sun, at my window;
But wait till my lessons are done.”

When at last the lessons were ended
And the books were all laid away,
With a bound, and a shout of gladness,
The boy ran out to his play.
Then the sunshine laughed out gayly,
The tree tossed his apples down,
The bird trilled his wildest measure,
And nodded his head so brown.

GULL.

The Wind



WITHIN a forest old,
Where deep the snowdrifts lay
And bitter was the cold,
Two children came one day.
They cried, "O rushing wind,
Do kindly help us, please,
That we may quickly find
Dry branches from the trees."
The noisy wind stood still;
Cried, "Children, yes I will,
My blasts shall smite the trees
And rend them in the breeze
If promise you will make
Me to your home to take.
I'm chilled by sleet and storm,
I crave your fireside warm."
Said the children, "You are kind;
Come to our warm home, dear wind."

Then he gave a mighty roar,
As the branches off he tore,
On the ground they scattered lay
And were quickly borne away.
All forgotten was the wind,
Though he followed close behind
Till they reached the cottage door,
The boy and girl with their store
Of branches scragly and old,
As many as arms could hold.
They chattered and laughed and sang,
But without a wild wail rang,
For the dismal, chilling wind
At the door was left behind.
He shrieked, he roared, and he growled,
At the window he fiercely howled.
He whistled and groaned and sighed,
But the thoughtless children cried,
“Go back to the forest old;
You will make our room too cold.”

In a fearful rage he flew;
“Your promise was all untrue,
I will punish your broken word,”
And a frightful sound they heard.
He screamed in the chimney deep
And over the roof so steep,
While a thick smoke filled the room,
And they trembled in the gloom.

"Now tell me," the mother cries,
"Why do not the flames arise?
Yes, children, are you to blame?
You wear a strange look of shame."
And sobbing, the children told
What happened out in the cold,
Of their promise to the wind
When they sought dry wood to find.
"Ah, children," the mother spake,
"Do never a promise break;
In age, in manhood, in youth,
Speak only the honest truth.

"Go open the door to the wind,
He'll help if you really are kind."
When they opened the cottage door
In he came with a rush and a roar,
He kindled a fire warm and bright
And drove the smoke far out of sight.
He said, "There is no home for me,
I must fly o'er the land and the sea.
Good-by, I no longer can stay;
I will whisk round the stove and away."

And quickly away then he sped;
The children had hid 'neath the bed,
And as they crept out
And looked shyly about,

Very gravely their kind mother said,
“In all your life through,
Whatever you do,
Be sure that your words and your deeds
Are all true.”

FRIEDRICK BLAUL.

THE POOR CHILD

THE CHILD

O MOTHER, I saw such a beautiful tree,
With candies and playthings as full as could be,
And bright burning candles the branches among,
And shining gold nuts on the slender twigs hung.
They say the Christ Child in the glad holy night
From heaven brought the tree so sparkling and
bright,

That he loves all good children, wherever they be;
Then why did he not bring a tree down for me?

THE MOTHER

Thy Christmas tree stands up in heaven to-day,
And if you are good, it will be there alway.
Glad little angels the treasures prepare,
Daily they watch them with tenderest care.
When thou comest at last into heaven so bright,
Thou wilt find it beaming with wondrous light.

P. T. EIFFER.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

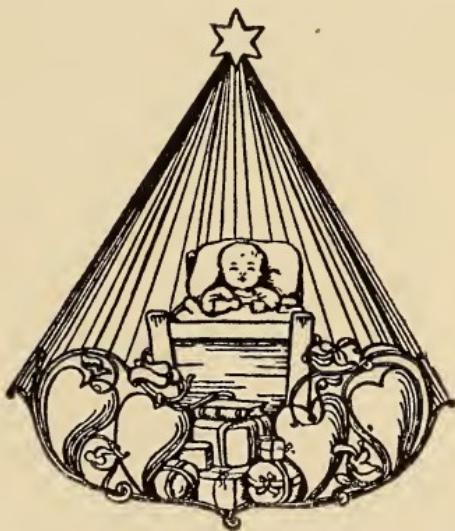
My dear little children, oh come hither all,
Oh, come to the cradle in Bethlehem's stall!
Come see by the glimmering, flickering light,
The Child that is born on this glad, holy night.

It rests in the manger, Its bed is the straw;
See Joseph and Mary bend o'er it in awe.
The shepherds are kneeling. Soft, list to their
prayer;
Hark! sounds of glad music break through the
still air.

Come bow with the shepherds, adown bend the
knee,
To heaven lift our hearts, and glad thanks give
we
For the Babe that has come, in weakness, in
might;
Speak gently, the angels are singing to-night.

What gifts, dearest children, what gifts shall we
bring
To the Child in the manger, our Savior and
King?
The treasures of earth to Him ever belong—
Bring a heart full of love, full of gladness and
song.

Our hearts, dearest Savior, with gladness we
give,
To love Thee and serve Thee as long as we live;
Oh, take them and make them as pure as Thine
own,
And fit us to dwell in the light of Thy throne.





Light whispered through the window : Go the golden moonbeam dream :
Down through the tree : There slid a sweet dream

SLUMBER SONG

Now the bright moon guards the sky
And the dear God smiles on high
As he calls the stars around,—
Asks, “Are children sleeping sound?”
Quickly sleep, my baby sprite;
Leave your play till morning light.

And the stars come flocking past,
Softly come, so still, so fast,—
Ask, “Were children good to-day?
Were they sweet and kind at play?”
In each little crib they peep,
See how many are asleep.

For good children they will bring
Dreams, with many a splendid thing,
Rosy apples, cherries red,
Candies, cakes, and gingerbread,
Go to sleep, my heart’s delight;
Sleep and dream the livelong night.

Or the moon so round and thick
Calls, “Come, little stars, be quick;
Pack your treasures all away,
He shall not have one, I say,
For the naughty baby sprite
Has not been asleep to-night.”



SCW

Then the little stars turn white,
Quickly they are out of sight.
With their treasures off they go,
Out each little candle blow;
And my naughty baby boy
Cannot have a single toy.

H. WILD.



THE sun, so tired with running, said,
“What shall I do?
Go to bed, close my eyes, and sleep all night
through.”

Lullaby, lullaby, so, so, so,
My little baby to sleep must go.

The tree, too tired to rustle, said,
What shall I do?
If the sun will not shine, I'll go to sleep too.”
The wind's asleep in a pretty tree;
Sleep, little baby, sleep quietly.

The birds in the tree, singing, said,
“What shall we do?
If the tree will not rustle, we'll go to sleep
too.”
Birdie's asleep in a pretty nest;
My little baby must go to rest.

Rabbit raised his long ears and said,
“What shall I do?
They have all gone to sleep,
“I’ll sleep soundly too.”
Bunny’s curled up to sleep till the dawn;
Sleep, little baby, sleep till morn.

Hunter listened and looked and said,
“What shall I do?
All the forest is resting,
So I will sleep too.”
All in the woods have gone to rest;
Sleep, baby, sleep, on mother’s breast.

Then came the round moon and over did peep;
Said, “Down in the world they are all fast
asleep.

No rabbit springs,
No birdie sings,
No breezes blow,
No sunbeams glow.

Only the baby no rest will take;
The naughty baby is wide awake.”

No, no, no!
It must not be so.
Baby has closed her eyelids fast,
The tired child is asleep at last.

ROBERT REINICK (1805-1852).



BABY, sleep in sweet repose,
Soft the tender eyelids close,
Quiet in your cradle bed
Rest your little weary head.

If you gentle are and kind,
Softly speak, and parents mind,
Angels round your bed will keep,
Fill with dreams your slumber deep.

Lambs and dolls and drums they bring
Hobby-horses, kites, and string;
Till the daylight they will stay,
All night long with you will play.

Only in the dream time sweet
Can my child the angels greet;
Haste to sleep, my baby dear;
Hush, the angel wings I hear.

O. F. GENSTCHEN.

THE EVENING SONG

THE golden stars are shining,
The silver moon is climbing
 The heavens bright and clear.
The black, still woods are sleeping,
The pale, white mists are wreathing
 The meadows cold and sere.

Fast o'er the world that sleepeth
The mantling twilight creepeth
 With gentle soft caress;
Past is the day's dark sorrow
To glad hopes of the morrow,
 Of light and strength afresh.

The cold, gray mists are thickening
Onward our steps are quickening
 Through the dark night and cold;
No kindly voice is guiding;
Like sheep from shepherd hiding,
 So strayed we from the fold.

A shepherd's voice hath sought us,
His kindly love hath brought us
 From the deep forest's shade.
O Father, ever guide us,
And then, whate'er betide us,
 We will not be afraid.

And though the way be dreary
And oft our feet aweary,
O Father, hold us fast!
Through storms and darkness climbing,
Lead to the daylight's shining;
Oh, lead us home at last!

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS (1740-1815).





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